

The UNSC Enigma

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Summary: Onboard an uncelebrated UNSC ship, The Enigma, a somewhat special bridge crew leads strange missions throughout space in order to defeat the Covenant.

The UNSC Enigma

Disclaimer: I don't own anything to do with Halo trademarks, licenses, etc., so on and so forth. But it is a good game, and I suggest that everyone should play it. I also don't own the Snapple company, but I wish I did. Snapple is good.

Recorded Conversation 0094

> Log 5510 Registered Officer: Ensign Brook
 0600 AMT May 13, 2552

> Status: Secured
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Bypass

"We've done it again, boys!" exclaimed Ensign Brook, the short, but muscular Communications Officer onboard the UNSC Enigma.

"And girl!" yelled Lieutenant Cureese.

"Yeah, yeahâ€|whatever. You know what I meant," said Brook. The thin, blonde women just smiled and faced her computer console to continue mapping Slip Space coordinates.

"Anyway, we did it. We managed to travel for about thirty minutes without finding another Halo Installation! I think someone owes me a twentyâ€|" grinned Ensign Brook from ear to ear.

It seemed as though another Halo was being found everyday. Reports

say that there are only supposed to be seven, but the Enigma alone has found 19 alone. Apparently, the Forerunners got a little carried away with their unique hobby.

Relentlessly, the chubby, bald man next to the Ensign took his wallet out of his back pocket and passed a twenty dollar bill across the grease-covered keyboard. "Thank you, Sir Dick."

Corporal Richard S. Freeman, a strange, but intelligent man, always lost his bets. "I never have any luckâ€|" said the Corporal under his breath.

"Man, I swear. Our so-called "leader" has major bladder issues. He uses the bathroom at least twice every hour! What could he possibly drink?" asked Brook.

"PRUNE JUICE!" screamed the clumsy Corporal Colonel. Yes, his last name is Colonel. Deal with it.

Everyone burst into laughter after he said this. That is, until Captain Natepach re-entered the bridge for the eighth time today. "Captain!" saluted everyone at once, except for Ensign Brook, who saluted while saying, "El Capitan!"

"You know I don't speak Mexican, Ensign! When speaking to me, you must use your native language of Englishican! You understand me, Ensign?" demands the Captain.

Looking confused, Brook answers, "Uhhâ€|.yes, sir."

"Good. So, any sign of the Cabinet, Corporal Colonel?" inquired Captain Natepach.

"The Covenant, sir," stated Freeman.

"Don't correct me, Corporal. I know what I'm talking about, God dammit!" commanded the Captain.

Trying to calm the Captain's nerves, Corporal Colonel reports, "No, sir. No sign of the Covenant."

"The Cabinet!"

"Uhh, yeahâ€|.them. No sign of them on any of our radars."

"Good. Then would you care to explain what the hell that Cabinet ship is doing?" Captain Natepach points his long, wrinkly finger towards the bow of the spacecraft, showing the entire bridge crew a small arsenal of Covenant ships heading in their direction.

"Oh yeahâ€|THIS is the radar!" said Colonel, surprised.

"What in sam hell were you looking at?" asked the Captain.

"That." The Radar Officer points towards a blank wall, with a drawing of a smiling face smeared on with lipstick.

"Corporal, that's a wall," said Captain Natepach.

"Yes, sir, I realize that now, sir."

"Ok thenâ€|Corporal Freeman, ready to fire on targets 1-7," commanded Natepach.

"But there are only six targetsâ€|" said Dick before he was interrupted by "I DON'T CARE! JUST SHOOT THE DAMN CABINETS OUT OF THE SKY!"

"Yes, sir!"

Ok, I expect to get reviews. I promise I'll have more up if you review it. Oh, and review if u like Snapple too!

End
file.